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The New Combined Operations Chief and His Wife

At the age of thirty-six, Major-General R. E. Laycock, D.S.O., succeeds Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten as Chief of Combined Operations. Soldier, scholar, scientist and expert on modern warfare, he comes of a family noted for its horsemanship, and his extensive knowledge of the sea was gained during pre-war trips on tramps and wind-jammers. He is, incidentally, registered as a Finnish able seaman. He joined the Horse Guards, and since the war has served in Africa, Crete and Italy, showing the utmost daring. He was one of the two survivors of the commando raid on Rommel's Libyan headquarters in 1941, and was awarded the D.S.O. for gallant and distinguished services in Sicily this year. A son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Joseph Laycock, he married Miss Angela Dudley Ward in 1935



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Warning

GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER has warned us that the campaign in Italy may be one of slow progress, or, as far as he is concerned, not as fast as he would like, meaning what he feels the general public really expect. This is a wise and timely warning, and the deputy commander's frankness should not strike dismay in any heart.

The defence of Italy means a very great deal to the Germans, and they are going to fight very hard to maintain it. They have got to hold a line there as long as they possibly can for military as well as political reasons. The Allied forces are now attacking the walls of the Fortress of Europe, and a breach must be averted at all costs. Civilian morale in Germany is in a low state, as our returned prisoners of war have so graphically described. They say that the Germans know that they have lost the war, and that in some parts they certainly will not be able to stand up to much more bombing.

I am certain that this is largely true, but it does not alter the fact that the German Army will fight with their backs to the wall to the very last minute. It would be wrong to assume anything to the contrary. Indeed, reports of war correspondents show that army morale is high among the Germans, and that we must expect bitter battles. This, perhaps, was the real meaning of General Alexander's warning.

Advantages

THE fact is that the Germans are operating on interior lines of communication, and they are bound to make the most of the advantages that this gives them. They cannot afford to take any chances. Everything must be done to delay the advance of the Allied forces, and if they impose even a temporary reverse on us it will help to bolster up drooping morale at home. Obviously the Germans are hoping to do this, if only to offset the grimness of the news from the Russian front. They have poured reinforcements into Italy—it is estimated that they may think it worth while to divert as many as fifty divisions to that country eventually—and seem to be ready to draw heavily on their reserves, even on those divisions in the Balkans. Some troops have been withdrawn from the Russian front. It is clearly the German hope that they will be able to shorten their defence lines there to such an extent that they can reinforce their forces in Europe, and be ready to meet attack from whatever point it may come.

All this can only mean that the Germans hope to hold the Allied forces in Italy in check by sheer weight of numbers, and to prevent them from branching off into the Balkans to create yet another front. Obviously, the Germans, sorely pressed as they are in Russia, and faced with a determined assault from Italy, cannot risk heavy pressure falling on them in the Balkans. They must do all in their power to confine the coming battles to Italy.

Superiority

BUT the Allies control the sea and almost certainly the air, which might prove to be the most important factor in the Italian campaign. The Italian front is very narrow, and this imposes serious restrictions on our mobile forces. With air power at our command we shall see how the Germans fare under concentrated bombardment of their main positions



The Admiral's Family

Lt. George Pound, D.S.C., R.N., Major Martin Pound, R.M., and Lt.-Cdr. D. A. R. Duff, R.N., sons and son-in-law of the late Sir Dudley Pound, walked in his funeral procession



The Late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound

For four eventful years Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., held the immensely responsible posts of First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff. The Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, representatives of the Services and all the Allied nations attended the memorial service held in Westminster Abbey, to pay tribute to this gallant sailor. The above portrait is by Douglas Wales (Captain A. D. Wales Smith, R.N.)

and their communications.

It will be a big test of air power, as well as German morale. There is the lesson of Tunisia, which we should not forget. The Germans cracked there. From Italy we shall soon see the two-way aerial bombardment of Germany. Already there have been heavy raids in the province of Styria, in Austria, which seem to have been undertaken from Italian airfields. All the same, we must not expect the Germans to sit down under attacks of this nature, fierce though they may be. If the Germans feel themselves cornered—and they must have that feeling now—we must look out for reprisals. The hit-and-run night raids on London may be but a foretaste of what to expect.

Progress

WHEN Mr. Anthony Eden went to the Kremlin to see Marshal Stalin he took with him an album of specially selected photographs illustrating the damage inflicted on Germany by the bombing raids of the Royal Air Force. Suitably bound, this was a gift from the War Cabinet in London to Marshal Stalin.

So far the Three-Power Conference of Foreign Ministers seems to have had more work than relaxation. There has been none of the usual junketing which accompanies international conferences of this kind. This is certainly not because the Russians are averse to entertainment; they are excellent and insistent hosts. But Mr. Cordell Hull, the American Secretary of State, does not care for official



Home From Captivity

A blinded man and the Marquis of Normanby, repatriated in the *Atlantis*, came ashore together. Lord Normanby, wounded and captured at Dunkirk, looked after the welfare of the blind in his prison camp



Married in the Country

Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., and Miss Frances Stevenson, for many years his private secretary, were recently married near Guildford. Mr. Lloyd George's first wife, Dame Margaret Lloyd George, died in 1941

lunches and dinners, even when he is back home in Washington. He lives carefully and quietly, conserving his strength in order to fulfil all the responsibilities which weigh heavily on his conscientious spirit.

Significant

ALL the indications have so far shown that the conference is making rapid progress. This cannot mean that all the problems between the three Powers are being solved by the waft of a wand. But it does reflect an atmosphere of understanding and effort on the part of all three Governments. It also shows that agreement must have been reached on military matters, for before the conference started Soviet propagandists were insistent that Moscow must be satisfied of the military intentions of the Allies before considering any of the political problems put down on the agenda.

Midway between the conference deliberations, however, there appeared a most significant article in *War and the Working Class*, a Moscow publication which the Soviet Government appear to use to indicate the trend of official policy. This urged continued collaboration between Soviet Russia, Britain and the United States as the best guarantee to all peoples who desired reliable peace and security. The article urged that the Anglo-Soviet treaty should be the basis of the development and the deepening of this collaboration between all three Powers. Nothing so friendly and practical has come out of a Moscow newspaper for a long time.

Heartening

ANOTHER heartening sign of the times has been the debate in the American Senate on America's part in protecting the peace in the

post-war world. The argument which developed because the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's resolution did not go far enough shows how internationally minded Americans are becoming; and how conscious they are of their failure to make full contribution towards saving the peace after the last war.

Lengthening

OUR Parliament's life has been extended for another year—the ninth. This time the arrangement is accompanied by a Bill to provide machinery for a general election in war-time should it be necessary. None of the party leaders wants a general election. They put the winning of the war first, and not even the cries of those who point to the elections in Australia and South Africa, and the pending presidential election in the United States can deflect them from the belief that Britain can carry on without the upset of an election.

Soon we shall know the Government's programme for the new session of Parliament. It promises to be more interesting than usual, for there is possibility that it will contain some strong indications of post-war plans. Ministers are working overtime on the Government's version of a Beveridge Plan, because the Prime Minister believes that now is the time to lay down a definite post-war policy.

Changes

ONCE more there are rumours of further changes in the Government. It is thought that the Prime Minister did not complete what he had in mind when he changed some of his ministers round after the death of Sir Kingsley Wood.

Foremost in Mr. Churchill's plans is said to be the creation of a Ministry of Reconstruction. Members of the House of Commons have shown quite definitely recently that they are dissatisfied with the arrangement whereby Sir William Jowitt, in his capacity as minister without portfolio, is given responsibility for answering questions on post-war problems without any policy to back him up. The whisperers say that Sir William may yet find his way to the Woolsack as Lord Chancellor in place of Lord Simon, who has had a long innings, having been in office continuously since 1931.



Von Arnim's Caravan on Exhibition

Gen. von Arnim's personal caravan, in which were settled the terms of surrender of Axis forces in Tunisia, was on show in Cairo, proceeds going to the Indian Red Cross, and for welfare of Indian troops in the Middle East. Lady Freyberg, wife of Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., G.O.C. New Zealand Expeditionary Force, Middle East, was a visitor



The King of Greece Visits Beirut

This picture was taken while King George of Greece was staying with Maj.-Gen. Sir Edward Spears, British Minister in the Levant. Present were: Capt. F. E. Stoner, A.D.C., King George of Greece, Lady Spears, Mrs. Britten Jones, Maj.-Gen. Sir Edward Spears, Lt. Kontomichelow, A.D.C., and Miss Maurice

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Pairs of Feet

By James Agate

IT is always said, and I hold rightly, that a work should not be all purple passages. Even the best authors take care to space their good things. The fault with *The Importance of Being Earnest* is that it is too consistently witty. There are dull passages in Dickens, and even—though I say it with bated breath—in Shakespeare. It was Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch who first pointed out how Shakespeare deliberately flattens all the characters in *Macbeth* in order to heighten his horrific pair. Who, indeed, cares twopence about Banquo or Macduff? It seems that our great poet was practising a law of aesthetics to be formulated later by Coventry Patmore, who invented something he called the *punctum indifferens*, or Point of Rest. Thus, in the most exciting landscape there would be some very ordinary object, perhaps a sawn-off stump. "Cover this from sight," said Patmore, "and the whole life of the picture will be found to have been lowered."

I CONFESS that I went to *The Lamp Still Burns* (Leicester Square) a little worried about this picture's *punctum indifferens*. It was advertised as being Leslie Howard's last production. But the whole point of Howardism being understatement, where would one expect to find something even lower to which to refer the whole? It seemed to me that I should have to look for a *punctum excitans*, or Point of Excitement. And presently I found it, not in the picture, but in the short which preceded it.

This was all about something called *Childhood*, in which a little brat far more Infantile and Phenomenal than anything Dickens conceived

—an appalling little horror—conducted an orchestra of other brats. Presently she, or one like her, sat down to the piano and tore off a section of the Tschaikowsky Piano Concerto, after which two slightly older brats sang a sentimental version of same with the voices of dormice with sore throats. The whole thing appeared to take place out of doors, under cherry trees in full blossom, and I say, without hesitation, that it was the most revolting thing I have ever seen in the cinema. I hasten to add that it was received with thunderous applause by a house packed from floor to ceiling.

BLASTED with ecstasy I must have deemed any subsequent film a masterpiece. But even without it I think I must have watched *The Lamp Still Burns* in complete absorption. The story, as all the world knows by this time, is adapted from Monica Dickens's *One Pair of Feet*. It is about a hospital, and is nowhere concerned with the old problem: How much Love shall a Nice Girl give in Return for How Many Bracelets? The film will be popular because it shows how a warm-hearted young woman rebels against what seems to her to be excessive discipline. Well, the question is an old one, and one sees the point of view put forward by Matron that if every hospital chit is to draw up her own rules, it is going to be worse for the hospital, and, in the end, for the patients. One of the heroine's gaffes is to carry a love-letter from one ward to another, a letter in which she is intimately concerned. But this film's love-interest, being kept within bounds, does not cloy; the spectator finds, to his great astonishment, that he is much more interested

in the general question whether nurses should be allowed to marry.

THE direction is announced as the work of Mr. Maurice Elvey, and to him, perhaps, should be given the credit for arranging that the whole thing is played in the same key, and that key a low one. There is a really beautiful performance by Rosamund John, excellently backed up by Cathleen Nesbitt and a Sister whom I could not identify. Stuart Granger, Godfrey Tearle and John Laurie are admirable, and Ernest Thesiger contributes an exquisite cameo of an aristocratic, incompetent duffer. The whole film has my blessing. Indeed, I will go further and say that it justifies Mr. Elvey's new-found beard. Query: Can film directors without beards hope to look Russian? Answer: No.

YOU will be surprised to hear, reader, that *The Sky's the Limit* (Odeon) is not about book-makers and race-courses. It is all about aeroplanes and—since Fred Astaire is the star turn—dancing. And how he dances! How does this miracle of agility prance, pirouette, leap, swirl, whirl and twirl! In this film Astaire does more than his usual exhibition of eccentric drawing-room callisthenics. He dances on restaurant tables, on the counters of cabarets and in roof-gardens. And in one amazing scene, after his girl has left him in dudgeon, Astaire gives an amazing *pas seul* of thwarted love in which he kicks half the glasses over, smashes all the remaining ones, and finally dances himself out of the joint with feet half-resigned and half-defiant. The only place in which he doesn't dance is the aeroplane. Which is a pity, Fred being in this film an American airman. A dance by Fred during the evacuation of Bataan would have been a crowning achievement.

AGAINST all this dancing attractive little Joan Leslie, herself an accomplished dancer, can put up no fight. True, she dances whenever she has a chance, but Fred always seems to be bringing her on and then pushing her off again. *Le pas, c'est moi!* Fred would say, were he a Frenchman. But Joan has a pretty bit by herself at the end when, after saying good-bye to Fred bomber-bound for Australia, she is left alone in a tumult of happiness tempered with apprehension. Will he come back—you are to read in her face. Of course he will, Joan dear: Fred will come back at least a score of times and each time a greater success than before.

THIS is an ideal film for a small picture-house. The cast is tiny, most of the action takes place indoors, and the story is so slight that I have forgotten it. At least I can only recall bits of it by thinking of some of the other boy-meets-girl and girl-meets-boy films; of which, so a notebook tells me, I have seen some three hundred in the last three years. But story or no story, this is an excellent entertainment; and worth seeing if only for the superb finish and *finesse* of Robert Benchley as Fred's unsuccessful civilian rival. Indeed, if Bob could be induced to do a bit of dancing he would dance off with the film and let Astaire play about with his feet as he likes. In the estimation, of course, of people whose judgment of an artist is more than ankle-high. As an actor Benchley is worth all the world's tap-dancers put together, including the Nicholas Brothers. And are these better than Astaire? Yes, and if only for the reason that they don't give you that dreadful mothering feeling. They are honest hoofers; Fred has always been an orphan, emotionally speaking, and played on it. In theatre and cinema I loathe comedians I am supposed to mother. Why can't I father them for a change? Meaning I should reach for the old strap and give 'em something to blub about.



Fred Astaire Gives a Gin Rummy Lesson in "The Sky's the Limit" (Odeon)

Robert Benchley's performance in the new Astaire picture "The Sky's the Limit" calls for high praise from Tatler's critic, James Agate, this week. He is seen above being given a lesson by Astaire, not in dancing as you might expect, but in Gin Rummy

Bette Davis Paul Heinreid

Together In The
Screen Adaptation
Of Olive Prouty's
"Now, Voyager"

Gladys Cooper appears as
a Tyrannical Matriarch

Now, Voyager opens at Warner's Theatre on Friday, November 5. Based on the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty (who also wrote *Stella Dallas*), it tells the story of Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis), repressed daughter of a wealthy Boston family, of her nervous breakdown, of her recovery in the home of psychiatrist Claude Rains, and of her great love for Jerry Durrance (Paul Heinreid) which enables her to face life a completely changed woman both in appearance and mentally. Also in the cast are Gladys Cooper, John Loder, Ilka Chase, Bonita Granville and Janice Wilson. The film is directed by Irving Rapper



Bette Davis is the Neurotic Charlotte Vale



Charlotte, Transformed by Psychiatry, meets Jerry Durrance

Charlotte Vale, daughter of a wealthy Boston family, is so dominated by her mother that she has a nervous breakdown. Cured by psychiatry, she is transformed into an entirely different person, a woman of charm, poise and personality. She decides to travel, and on board ship meets Jerry Durrance (Paul Heinreid). So begins the great love story of "Now, Voyager"



Marriage between Charlotte and Jerry is impossible for Jerry has an invalid wife. Charlotte is persuaded by her mother to become engaged to marry Elliot Livingston, an old friend of the family. When she finds she cannot go through with it, she tells her mother, who has a heart attack and dies (Gladys Cooper, Bette Davis)



The shock of her mother's death sends Charlotte back to the psychiatrist's home. There she meets Jerry's daughter, Tina. In helping Tina to overcome her morbid fears, Charlotte herself recovers. She takes Tina home and in her finds something she can share with Jerry always (Paul Heinreid, Janice Wilson, Bette Davis)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

She Follows Me About (Garrick)

MR. BEN TRAVERS calls his new play a comedy, and he may be right. Connoisseurs of farce, however, whom he has generously catered for in the past, need not feel snubbed on that account. After all, what's in a name, when the author of *Rookery Nook*, *Thark*, and other redoubtable riots does the christening? What was there is here. Common sense may threaten to cool these misadventures of the Vicar of Tufflock, and formal manners to intrude. But not for long. The vicarial dog-collar, canonicals, and deportment, to say nothing of the living, are assumed by Mr. Robertson Hare. So cheerfulness keeps breaking in. So do members of a Watch Committee of more than normal venom. Ever on the prowl for evidence of moral delinquency, these mongrel guardians of propriety think, nay are convinced, that at last they have the vicar taped.

We first meet them in a rock-bound cove by the sea, where it is the vicar's innocent habit to shed both gravity and canonicals, gambol in the sunshine, troll secular catches, and bridle in the headlong wave—all in what he fondly assumes is nature's privacy. But like the serpent in Eden, these vexatious prudes are there before him, plotting his downfall.

WHEN the curtain rises on this brilliantly vivacious morning, two lively and personable young Waafs from a neighbouring camp have discovered and are enjoying what they also assume to be elysian solitude. And they and the vicar meet. Thus, in this sun-and-sea-kissed retreat are laid the foundations of a trumped-up scandal, the echoes of which reach the bishop's ear, invite his pastoral intervention, and threaten the vicar with unfrocking—a form of exposure to which (though less technical in nature) Mr. Hare's previous misadventures in farce have left him notoriously inured.

The young ladies are addicted to the hygienic delights of *puris naturalibus*, a Latin

euphemism translated by the Watch Committee as *flagrante delicto*. An equivocal camera, the girls' blithe spirits, the vicar's friendly but blameless response, and the Watch Committee's venom, furnish circumstantial evidence for a charge against the vicar of conduct unbecoming to his cloth.

The vicar, a man of spirit, refuses to be intimidated or daunted. His wife, no less independent of public opinion than he, supports him. Careless observers might dismiss her as a mere eccentric; for she is loyal rather than lovely, more dowdy than dressy, scorns both pomp and circumstance, and fears not any man. As represented by that clever actress, Miss Catherine Lacey, to whom the subtleties of esoteric tragedy are child's play, she is a gem rare in such a farcical setting. She grows on one's fancy like a besetting fault, or the rather frightening fungus surreptitiously contracted by wartime cheese.

MR. TRAVERS is too practised a farceur to neglect time-honoured laugh-raisers for mere novelty's sake. So a modicum of strip-teasing and nudist giggly figures in the garnish of the plot. The young ladies are played by Miss Joyce Heron and Miss Pauline Tennant with spirit, skill, and tact; and since the Watch Committee villains are admirably grotesque, laughter is not strained.

Fresher, more stimulating fun comes from generous exploitation of Mr. Hare's impulsive gift for baroque expletives and apostrophes, and his flair for transpontine rhetoric. This, now minor prophet in style, serves to clinch situations and confound hypocritical foes. It steadies an unbridled but thoroughbred plot, and gives such imperative cues as none but



A little innocent fun on the beach with two bathing beauties from a nearby W.A.A.F. camp leads the Rev. Stanley Cuffe into an awkward predicament (Percy Parsons, Pauline Tennant, Robertson Hare, Joyce Heron)

deliberately mutinous curtains could ignore.

Much of the action passes in the vicarage hall, Liberty Hall to any intruder having the slightest connection with the plot. Incriminating young women, caught in the rain, take shelter there, and disrobe on the way to the bathroom, ready to reappear at the least propitious moment. It is also the hastily-improvised court where two bishops, one authentic, the other a fake, successively hear the charges against the vicar, and make confusion worse confounded. And what hitherto was mere tittle-tattle tinder blazes up into such a fracas as only full-strength farce could stoke or sustain.

Among the less uproarious attractions are some individual performances that do substantiate character; the mildewed widings commanded by Mr. Percy Parsons as chief of the Watch Committee; and above all the admirable collaboration between Miss Lacey and Mr. Hare, which rings new changes on the good old farcical bells.

Sketches by

Tom Titt



Investigating the stories which have come to his ears, the bishop presents himself at Vicarage Hall to see the Rev. Stanley Cuffe and his wife. They do their utmost to convince My Lord Bishop of the vicar's innocence (Robertson Hare, Eric Messiter, Catherine Lacey)

The plot is complicated and the fun more riotously built up by the presence of a bogus bishop whose help is enlisted by an ingeniously good-hearted friend of the vicar's (Alan Welch, Basil Radford)



Mrs. Merriman: "It belonged to my little boy, Johnny, who was killed in the war. I don't like his things touched"

Mrs. Merriman discovers the London boy who is staying with her in one of her dead son's boyish head-dresses. Her old father encourages her to allow the boy to play. (Susan Richmond, Ronald Langdon, Laurence Hanray)

"The Dark River"

Present Fears and Past Regrets Play
Havoc in a Thames Backwater

Rodney Ackland's latest play, *The Dark River*, produced by the author, is at the Whitehall Theatre. The action of the play is set in 1937 in an old house, once a school for young girls, on a backwater of the Thames. The unrest of those days permeates the play which centres round the mental conflict of a young woman torn between loyalty to a divorced husband and love of a man who wants her to marry him. As the young woman, Catherine Lisle, who returns to her old school seeking the answer to her personal problems, Peggy Ashcroft gives a sensitive, sincere performance. Nadine March, as Gwen, her girl friend, provides the perfect foil, for she is hard, brittle and pleasure-loving in contrast to the gentle sentimentality of Catherine. A very fine performance is also given by Susan Richmond as Ella Merriman, the old headmistress

Photographs by
A. Bender



Gwen: "What other old songs do you remember, Maltby? Come on, sing us one"
Gwen gets the family together for a party. Even Maltby, the manservant, is included. His reminiscences of France lead to the tragic revealing of the circumstances of Johnny Merriman's death. (Peggy Ashcroft, Nadine March, Ivor Barnard, Wilfrid Walter)



Gwen: "Start at the neck, darling"

Gwen, disgruntled at the dullness of life on a Thames backwater, goes in for sun-bathing in earnest with disastrous results. (Peggy Ashcroft, Nadine March)



Alan: "We'd never be happy together. Christopher's your real life, you know that"

Alan leaves Catherine when he finds she is still seeing ex-husband Christopher. (Ronald Simpson, Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Golden)



A Recent Christening at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

The baby son of Major James Innes, Coldstream Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Innes was christened on October 21st, and given the names James Richard. Mrs. Innes was the Hon. Nefertari Bethell before her marriage in 1941, and is Lord Westbury's only sister

The Marchioness of Cambridge came to the christening with her only daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, who was a godmother. Lady Mary is a full-time V.A.D. and works in the East End of London

Swabe

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Queen and the Allied Forces

WHEN Her Majesty visited the United Nations Forces Club in St. James's Square (Lord Iveagh's old home), she met quite a number of our Allies and spoke to several of them. Frenchmen there were very impressed by her fluent knowledge of their mother tongue, and conversed with her delightedly. She told them that she hoped the work being done at the Club would not cease with the end of the war, but go on permanently.

The visit was quite informal. The Queen, who was wearing a simple coat and frock of

powder blue, had chosen a high beret to match, in which a lovely diamond brooch representing a spray of thistles sparkled. On the lapel of her coat was the diamond Maple Leaf brooch which the Canadians over here love to see her wear. She was escorted round the premises by Lady Moncrieff, the Club's founder and chairman. All members of the Executive Committee, the Patrons, Vice-Presidents and members of the Council, as well as all the workers, were presented, at Her Majesty's express request. She spoke to many of them, asking, with evident interest, details of the particular work they were responsible for.

"The Shop" came in for special praise when she asked what they had in stock—"razor blades, too!" she repeated, with a smile—so did the kitchen, where special dishes are made daily in honour of one or another of our Allies.

W.R.N.S. Exhibition

AMONG the Queen's other activities has been a pre-lunch hour spent at the exhibition of arts and crafts by members of the W.R.N.S. at the National Portrait Gallery. With Mrs. Laughton-Matthews, Director of the women's "Senior Service," and affectionately known everywhere as "the Giant Panda," the Queen walked round the galleries, marvelling at the variety of arts and crafts in which these girls excel. They range from beautiful handwork, which includes lovely silk undies nostalgic of pre-war, non-uniform days, to model ships, maps and paintings. It was a surprise to her to recognise in the neat, square initials "M. K." on two paintings in the art section the monogram of her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent, who, as a member of the W.R.N.S., had submitted her work to be selected, amongst other

(Continued on page 138)



More Pictures Taken at James Richard Innes's Christening

Young Master Innes was duly admired after the christening ceremony by his grandmother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, and his grandfather, Colonel J. A. Innes, D.S.O.

Three of Lord Churston's sisters were there: Lady Ebury, Countess Cadogan and the Hon. Mrs. de Hoghton Lyle. Lady Ebury was a godparent, and Lady Cadogan's husband, was another

Swabe

Soldiers' Families



Lady des Voeux with Elizabeth and Jane

Lady des Voeux is the wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Richard des Voeux, Bt., Grenadier Guards. She was Miss Jean Elkington, and is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. J. F. Elkington, of Adbury Holt, Newbury. The des Voeuxs have two daughters, Elizabeth and Jane

Photographs by Compton Collier

Right: Lady King, seen with her three children, Susan, Diana and John, is the wife of Major Sir James Granville le Neve King, Bt., and was formerly Miss Penelope Cooper-Key. Her husband is serving in the Bucks and Berks Yeomanry, and was a former Joint-Master of the South Berks Foxhounds



Mrs. J. G. Wordsworth and Her Sons

The wife of Major John Gordon Wordsworth, The Suffolk Regiment, is the younger daughter of the Hon. Eric and the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson. She was married in 1939, and has two little boys, Antony and Michael. Major Wordsworth is serving abroad as a liaison officer



Lady King with Her Son and Daughters

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

entries, on merit and apparently had not mentioned its success in the Royal Family circle.

Royal Artist

THE Duchess has had a deep love of art since her earliest days, and sketched and painted a great deal before her marriage, when she had more time. The portraits she has done for the W.R.N.S. Exhibition are delicate and exquisitely done likenesses, one the head of a young boy, the other of "Nannie," one of the nurses at The Coppins.

At the special request of Queen Mary, the Duchess of Kent attended the premiere of Leslie Howard's last picture, *The Lamp Still Burns*, at the Leicester Square Theatre. Wearing black with a blue fox coat, a beautiful bouquet of pink roses in her arms, the Duchess looked very lovely. The film is a tribute to the nursing profession, and the performance was arranged and given by the Two Cities Films, Ltd., and by General Film Distributors, Ltd. As a result, the London Hospital, England's largest voluntary hospital, which in two centuries has given help to more than ten million patients, in spite of being bombed eight times and set on fire more than once, is to benefit by the sum of £2500. Sir John Mann, Treasurer of the Hospital, announced this splendid total at the end of the performance,



A Mobile Canteen for the Y.M.C.A.

Two more canteens to serve the Forces were presented recently to the Y.M.C.A. through the Margaret's Fund. This one was given by Sir Arrol Moir, in memory of his mother, the late Lady Moir, whose name was Margaret, and who was a member of the original committee. Above, Sir Arrol and Lady Moir with Princess Helena Victoria after the presentation

and said that the money would be used in endowing a bed which will be called The Leslie Howard Bed.

The Prime Minister on a Gun Site

CONSTERNATION has often been felt in the past at the Prime Minister's lack of regard for personal safety. The other day, when London was subjected to one of the Nazis' "nuisance" raids, he was found on a London gun site deeply interested in the procedure of plotting, planning and firing which is the regular routine of the crew. His daughter, Mary, now a lieutenant in the A.T.S., was in charge and obviously delighted at being able to give a practical demonstration to her father of how it all works. On another occasion, two newspaper correspondents from the States were present. They didn't hesitate to say that out of all their experiences to date, which included trips to the East End and visits to blitzed provincial cities, and to the defences of Dover, they found the experience of being shown round a gun-site battery by the Prime Minister's youngest daughter the greatest attraction of all. Miss Churchill took the men round the battery herself, showed them exactly how the girls live and later had tea with them. One of the Americans said that he would never forget his visit or the memory of Mary Churchill standing smartly at the salute as his car passed her on its way out. It looks as if Mary has the same great gift of getting along with people as her famous father.

Back in London

ONCE again Lady Claud Hamilton, the attractive and young-looking grey-haired wife of Lord Claud Hamilton, is being seen around London. The house which she and her husband have occupied in the precincts of St. James's Palace ever since Lord Claud became secretary to Queen Mary has been repaired after its sufferings in one of the blitzes, and the Hamiltons are once again staying there at regular intervals. Usually, Lady Claud is up for a couple of nights a week, which is all the time she can spare from her duties down south. She is Welfare Officer of the A.T.S., South-Eastern Command, and at her home at Faygate she has chickens to look after, vegetables to tend and quite a lot of gardening to do. As Welfare Officer she has a large area to cover, which she does by car, driving herself. Her daughter, Pamela, is in the W.A.A.F., and is hoping soon to become a corporal. The Hon. Patsy White, Lady Annaly's girl, is also in the W.A.A.F. and stationed in the

same part of the country, so the two, who are great friends, see quite a lot of each other.

New Premises

TO allow Chatham House and its important war effort activities to expand, the Portland Club has sold its premises next door and is moving to Chapel House, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, a sacrifice sadly but gladly made by the members in the national interest.

The Club has been in St. James's Square for well over fifty years, and is the authority for all legal card-games, making laws, settling disputes and answering many hundreds of letters every year. The Club is to card-players what the Jockey Club is to the racing world

(Concluded on page 132)



Beading, Shaftesbury

Wiltshire Wedding

Lt. Andrew Forbes, R.N., eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. Forbes, of Chilmark House, Chilmark, Salisbury, married Miss Adelaide Sotham, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Sotham, M.B.E., of Clouds Garden House, East Knoyle, Salisbury, at St. Mary-the-Virgin, East Knoyle



Banffshire Snapshot

Little Viscount Reidhaven, four-year-old son of F/O. Derek Studley-Herbert, R.A.F., and the Countess of Seafield, was photographed with his father at Cullen House, Banff. Mr. Studley-Herbert, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, married Lady Seafield in 1930

Return Visit of the Lunts

Alfred Lunt and His Wife, Lynn Fontanne, are to Appear in London and the Provinces



Lynn Fontanne's Latest Portrait



Alfred Lunt as He Really Is

Photographs by
John Vickers



Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt as they appear in Robert E. Sherwood's play, "There Shall Be No Night"

It is now five years since American Alfred Lunt and his British-born wife, Lynn Fontanne, made their last appearance in London, at the Lyric in *Amphitryon 38*, and their return to this country adds an exciting stimulus to the British theatre in wartime. For the first time, they will be seen outside London. Apart from visiting Oxford, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Manchester, they are giving one free performance each week for Allied troops, and they hope that in this way they will be able to appear not only before British and American audiences, but also before audiences made up of Czechs, Poles and all the other Allied Nationals. *There Shall Be No Night* is the play chosen by the Lunts for their provincial tour and later for London presentation. Possibly a revival of *The Guardsman* will follow. *The Guardsman*, produced in New York in 1924, was the first play in which Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt appeared together. "We have been together for twenty years now," Lynn Fontanne says, "and we feel we set a good example as far as Americans and the British are concerned. If we can do it, we're sure they can, too"

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SINISTER enough was that recent German radio remark that "the Venetian canals lend themselves well to prolonged resistance." So do Sta. Maria della Salute and San Marco and the Scuola di San Rocco and the major palaces and a few more exquisite irreplaceable things. Next to Rome, nothing delights the Boche more than having Venice at his mercy, we guess. All that roseate marble and Tintoretian fresco work will go up beautifully.

It would be just like the Boche, having destroyed Venice, to spare the Lido—

... l'affreux Lido,

Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau

Mourir la pâle Adriatique.

—which depressed the sensitive long before it became a bathing-pool for the European smart. Nobody thoughtful would miss the Lido, but to think of one bomb on almost any part of Venice is pain to us, and possibly to you. Actually Venice copped it slightly in World War I., when the Carmelite church of the Scalzi, with its Tiepolo frescoes, by the railway station, got an Austrian bomb—reluctantly, we guess, since the Austrians are gentlemen. This time the job will be a real Boche carnival, something like the Old Italian Comedy with the Leandro-Isabella love-stuff left out and the terrible roaring Capitans—Escobombardon, Sangre y Fuego, Spavento della Valle Inferna, Rodomonte—actually carrying out their bloodmindedness.

We of the Island Race should be very grateful for Bush House; also for the Albert Hall, and the Cavell Statue. Forthcoming generations will need a little beauty in their world, God knows.

Chum

THERE'S one good thing about us, namely that having lived in the Hick Belt among the hay-seeds for some time we've never yet sunk to writing whimsy about badgers. (Auntie Times's Nature boy keeps off badgers as well, we notice.) So when we get an air-graph from the Mediterranean Front taunting us with being afraid to write about badgers we just shrug pityingly and pass on.

The badger-market, to begin with, is still at saturation-point. In the 1920-30's you City slickers were crazy on badgers, a chap in the publishing racket tells us, and the Nature boys cashed in with book after book. Nobody gives a hoot for badgers now, their cute little ways and bigamous habits, maybe because the Race has taken up bigamy as a national sport itself. So Vol. BAA—BURP of the *Enc. Britt.* on the Nature boys' shelves remains unthumbed, and they concentrate wisely on the flowers and the birdies.

We could easily fool you, we may add, by inventing a lot of stuff about badgers,



Menip Wilson.

"Haven't you something with a more friendly expression?"

but on looking up the index to Vol. I. of a Declaration of Reciprocal Confidence we drew up with the Editor some time ago we find the following subjects mentioned under "B":

- Baboons (See Brains Trust).
- Bacchanalia (See Birthday, James ("Boss") Agate's).
- Backsheesh (See Rakeoff).
- Bacon (See Shakespeare).
- Badgers, stuff about, barred, 18.
- Bagnio, establishment of, in Tatler-Bystander building, barred, 2, 12, 25, 38-40, 57, 67, 72-3.
- Bags, putting little actresses in, deprecated, 5.
- Bail, arrangements for, 1 (etc.).

So you see that apart from a natural reluctance to exploit urban saps, we have no choice. Honour forbids. Que voulez-vous, c'est la vie. Eh? Wossat?

Cry

THAT little group or gaggle of Left Wing "intellectuals" whom somebody recently called "the case against the Brave New World in a nutshell" has issued a manifesto deprecating ill-feeling towards the poor dear Germans, denouncing Lord Vansittart, and advocating a "just and lasting peace on a Socialist basis." It's time we had some more manifestos.

The ones we used to love were the furious ones the booksy boys used to send to the *Times* appealing to Freedom and International Democracy every time a member of the racket was kicked in the pants for insulting somebody. Always the same gang of compositities signed these. Literature knows no frontiers (but is full of hellcats, as the booksy girl remarked when the publisher bit her in the ankle), and these frenetic clarion-calls must have thrown the civilised world into a tall state of apathy. As the poet said of the hysterical girl critic:

By booksy marvels rent and torn and shattered,
Miss Howle went nuts last week; as if it mattered.

How the boys and girl get on nowadays without their manifestos we often wonder. Now and again, we observe, one of them boils over and publishes a two-shilling "sensation"

(Concluded on page 142)



"And should you decide to employ me—you will have the right to put
'Ici on parle Français' on your window"



D. R. Stuart

Schoolboy Rugger Captain

Joseph J. Leckie, captain of Merchiston's Rugger XV., is 6 ft. 6 in. in height. He is a nephew of W. R. Logan, the Scottish International, and is seen with the Merchiston games master, Neville Colyer



D. R. Stuart

Army and Navy Footballers

Major H. A. Fry, English International, hopes to play a lot this season; Surg. Lt. R. C. Mathews will turn out for the Navy; Capt. M. M. Walford, English International, plays for the Army



Keeping Fit in the Tropics

Lawn tennis is the solution of the problem for Lord Swinton, British Resident Minister in West Africa. He recently paid a visit to London, returning in a Liberator, the first time a passenger-carrying aircraft has flown direct from the United Kingdom to British West Africa

Sporting Events at Home and Abroad



Left: The occasion was a match between the "Old Victorians" and the 17th Area XI. Brig. J. I. Chrystall, C.B.E., M.C., commanding the 17th Area, Middle East Forces, and G/Capt. J. S. Dick, A.F.C., M.C., watched the rival captains toss

Inaugurating the Alamein Cricket Club



Winners of the Eton College Steeplechases

L. A. J. Ranken won the Senior Race, over a distance of about three miles. W. N. Coles was victorious in the two-and-a-half-mile Junior Race, in which 250 competitors took part



Left: Lady Farquhar went to Eton to see her two sons, Robert and Peter Knowles, compete in the steeplechases. She is the wife of Major Sir Peter Farquhar

Standing By ...

(Continued)

pamphlet denouncing something or somebody very shrilly. For example:

I Accuse Seventeen Guilty Women! By Fred Zola.

Stand Forth, Muriel Hopjoy! By Mercy Screaming.

She Spat in Democracy's Eye! By "Lictor."

We often wonder what they're like at home. Unspeakable, we guess.

Bin

SINCE these happy islands swarm with cranks and crackpots, we weren't surprised recently to find a citizen yelping because no public monument was erected to doggies and other animals who fell in World War I.

There nearly was, at Hyde Park Corner. The scheme was blown to bits by some cynical hound who suggested instead a simple, reverent memorial to the Unknown Goldfish, victim of some war-laboratory experiment (and we believe there were thousands of nuts who took that suggestion seriously). It often requires some courage to stand up to our dumb chums' worshippers, who are very good at abuse. Many of them are ripe for the loony-bin—e.g., a lady who accused us, a week after we had mentioned casually that this page was written by an Airedale, of brutal sadism and three kinds of Renaissance vice.

It's a pity the Unknown Goldfish memorial was never erected, because we often suspect the Race doesn't know what percentage of it is certifiable. We don't mean retired chaps from India and other Empire outposts whose legs are made of priceless old Waterford glass ("I say! Careful!") : they're harmless and often agreeable. It's the ferocious nuts who ought to get around and meet more people; the Great Pyramid boys, the psychic boys, the doggie maniacs, the hairy Minor Prophets, the Joanna Southcott boys, the grass-eaters, the uncrowned kings (three exist at least), the pseudo-Oriental-illuminate boys, and

readers of the *New Statesman*, and Heaven knows what and all. You often read their odd letters in the papers. View some of them at close quarters and you find they explain not a few puzzling bits in our rough Island story.

Offering

BALLETOMANES are eagerly discussing the Eskimo Ballet, which, as Mr. J. B. Morton, the well known choreographic authority, recently mentioned, is at last coming to London.

Eskimo choreography is not completely static, as Mr. Morton declares. It is three-dimensional, superimposed on objective subtonal planes of quasi-dynamic plasticity actuated by sub-expressionist but positive values. It is plangent and re-entrant rather than emotive and voluted, and it stinks like the devil. The faces of the dancers are broad, flat, vacant, Mongoloid, dumb, brutish, and filthy. Their figures are squat and shapeless and their minds a festering blank. They smell damnably of fish, train-oil, and old wet reindeer-socks. Only a Sadler's Wells audience could stand the Eskimo Ballet for five minutes without being violently sick. Their principal offering, *Akkakkuk* ("Flat Noses"), is described by the Press-agents as an Eskimo Arabian Night, a *Schéherazade* of the Arctic Circle, founded on a love-poem by the Eskimo poet Uggugh:

Your old round flatnosed face was like a dirty second-hand gong.
I beat it madly with a harpoon-handle but it gave forth no melody;
I suspect you quite frankly of being a trollop, or tart.



"Do you think that if you bit me, Miss Lennox, it would take the edge off your appetite?"

Feat

THE prima ballerina assoluta, Mme. Ukka Mukk, sits under a smoking blubber-lamp rocking herself rhythmically to and fro for nearly an hour, a remarkable feat of plastic choreography (see above). There is no other action to speak of, and the Eskimo Ballet Season is expected by the box-office boys to fold up at the end of the week, despite the Lunatic Fringe. Keep this under your hat, for Art's sake.

Tamer

LONDON concert-hall manners, a gossip reported, are much better than they once were. But he cravenly forbore to pay tribute to the fearless master who has brought this change about single-handed—the redoubtable Beecham, surnamed Hetairomastix, or the Rich Women's Scourge. Lord, how they cringed and obeyed when brusquely ticked off at Covent Garden for chattering. At a Philharmonic concert a smart proud beauty in the stalls, ordered by Beecham to stop smoking, did so like a lamb, hurriedly. The Duchess of Guermantes herself would have done the same. No other London conductor has ever tamed the smart like this, though Debussy once made an historic scene. We find from our diary that we never went to a Beecham concert without hoping Beecham would take an even wider sweep. E.g.:

"F 15, stalls, you with the eyeglass—stop ogling F 16. This is a Mozart concert, not a love-nest."

"B 8, your hair's upsetting my first fiddles. Run out and get it done properly."

"If you can't keep that spotty daughter of yours quiet, H 35, send her up here and we'll play her."

Footnote

THIS never happened, because the stalls were already humble and cowed. As for Beecham's orchestras, their behaviour was invariably perfect. No waving to girls in the back rows, no leering, no giggles, no lewd whispers, no anything. Certainly Trainer Boulton has the B.B.C. Symphony boys equally in hand (and without the use of whips, pistols, hot irons, or spiked collars, as is well known). But if rich women start rebelling against concert-discipline in Trainer Beecham's absence, can Trainer Boulton hold them? It's almost worth filling some wayward harridan with wartime gin to find out.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Ye know we've been drinkin' to Italy's surrender for three weeks now!"



Fred Daniels

Miss Sheila Sim is on Her Way to Stardom

A girl whose first screen appearance gives her the feminine lead in a film produced by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger has her two feet very firmly on the ladder of success. It is less than two years since twenty-one-year-old, Liverpool-born Sheila Sim made her first professional stage appearance. Since then she has had several parts at the Q Theatre, and latterly has toured with Noel Coward in *This Happy Breed*. Her first screen chance gives her a big part in *A Canterbury Tale*. In it Sheila will appear as a land-girl—an appropriate role, for in 1940, when the Women's Land Army called for volunteers to help with the harvest, she was one of those who responded and worked on a farm in Hereford for some months. At the moment Sheila is appearing in John Gielgud's production of *Landslide* at the Westminster. Her engagement to actor Richard Attenborough, now in the R.A.F., was announced a short time ago



Miss King, Quartermaster, with Lady Floyd

Hunting People in Wartime

No. 4. Lady Floyd, Commandant of the Red Cross Convalescent Hospital at Stapleford Park



Mrs. Hubbard, the Matron at Stapleford, discusses business with Lady Floyd in the Matron's office



Physical training is a feature of all Red Cross convalescent hospitals. Here are some of the patients taking part in the training.



A Walk in the Sunshine in Front of the House

While in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray, our photographer visited Lady Floyd, yet another well-known hunting personality engaged in war work. She has turned Stapleford Park (home of her father, Col. Sir John Gretton, P.C., C.B.E., M.P., and chairman of the Cottemore Hunt) into a British Red Cross Convalescent Hospital, of which she is Commandant. Her husband, Sir Henry Floyd, is serving in the Forces



at hospitals, and Stapleford Park
ing through their paces on the lawn



A game of croquet is in progress; Nurses C. and H. Pollard, who incidentally are twins, take on two of the wounded soldiers, watched by a group of interested spectators in the background

No. 5. Mrs. George Paynter, M.B.E., and Her Deputy, Mrs. David Gimson

Mrs. Paynter, wife of Brig.-Gen. G. C. B. Paynter, is County Director of the British Red Cross Leicestershire branch, and Secretary for the B.R.C. and St. John Joint War Organisation, and is responsible for all the convalescent hospitals in Leicestershire. She and her husband are members of the Belvoir Hunt; he is an Extra Equerry to the King



Mrs. George Paynter, seated at her table, examines the business for the day with her assistant, Miss Ursula Rickard, a well-known fencing instructress



Left: Mrs. David Gimson is Mrs. Paynter's deputy. She is a distinguished sporting personality, having captained the Leicestershire Ladies' hockey and tennis teams, and played golf for the county. With her is her assistant, Mrs. Hunt, also a hockey player of note



Latimer, Lord Chesham's House in Bucks

At Home in Bucks

Lord and Lady Chesham

Lord Chesham, who recently resigned from the R.A.F. to resume his parliamentary duties, lives with his wife at Latimer, Chesham, in Buckinghamshire. An American by birth, Lady Chesham is a daughter of Mr. Daniel C. Donoghue, of Philadelphia. She has three children by her first marriage, Richard, Anne and Mary Brooke Edwards; and a son, Viscount Ikerrin, by her second husband, the Earl of Carrick. She married Lord Chesham, as his second wife, in 1938; he has one son, the Hon. Charles Compton Cavendish, by his first marriage. Lady Chesham, who was formerly in the A.T.S., is now Assistant Director in charge of Personnel, Clubmobile department of the American Red Cross

Photographs by Swaebe



Lady Chesham with Her Daughters, Anne and Mary



Lord Chesham Goes to Work in the Garden



Anne and Mary Pay a Visit to Their Ponies

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Down Below He Did His Duty..."

IT was very fitting, if ever that can be said of one who has served his country with honour, that one great seaman should bring up at his last anchorage upon the very same day as another of the greatest. Admiral Sir Dudley Pound died on Trafalgar Day. It is impossible not to feel that Nelson's battle signal was the bearing upon which he set his course. It can truly be said of him that England did not expect in vain.

A Desert Race Meeting

A HORSE soldier whom I knew in happier days has kindly sent me a few notes and some pictures of the first, and, so far as I know, the only race meeting held during the operations in North Africa. The Brigade which ran it in the Tripoli area was part of a spearhead of Montgomery's deathless Eighth Army regulars and yeomen, and commanded by Brigadier Roscoe Harvey, one of the many officers of a regiment which just before the war established something like a mortgage on the Grand Military. Other names which will link up are Roddick and poor young "Kim" Muir. Roscoe Harvey himself was also in the very famous *Nth* polo team which carried out before it in the Inter-Regimental, both in India and at home. They had a grand lot of officers at that time, just as good as they have had in the past, but I feel that I must not provide any more direct links than this. To quote from my correspondent's most interesting picture (very much in the fire), he writes: "Although we are very much mechanised there was no lack of enthusiasm, and we had been able to procure thirty starters instead of twelve for the Fox's Mask Plate (the race for officers in the Brigade), we would have found no difficulty in getting the jockeys. As it was, we had to draw the names out of a hat for the luck of getting the mounts. We have in the Brigade two famous old housed Yeomanry regiments and a Royal Tank regiment, who were all top of the best from Alamein to Tunis. Both Atty Persse's and Major McCalmont's sons were riding, and it was just like a breath of the happy days before the war. Thousands of soldiers attended and loved it. Let us hope it won't be long before we shall be riding again at the Grand Military meeting at Sandown. Hoping you are well. We all enjoyed reading your article out there."

More Detail

ATTY PERSSE, of course, rode any number of winners, including that of the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, on Sweet Lavender, in 1897; and the National Hunt on Marpessa in 1902; he is also an ex-Master of "The Blazers" and the Limerick, and Dermot McCalmont, late 7th Hussars (owner of The Tetrarch, etc.), rode his own Vinegar Hill to victory in the Grand Military in 1911. He has further been Master and Huntsman of the Kilkenny since 1921. Both he and Atty have apparently provided worthy chips of the old block for our fine Army of to-day. The Tote at this desert meeting was made out of fifteen trucks, and did enormous business, whilst the only two bookies were troopers in the Brigade, and obviously knew all about it. The big race of the day was the Homs



The local Gordon Richards! The big race was the Homs St. Leger over five furlongs for Arab-owned and ridden ponies



At the start in the Officers' race: (left to right) Brigadier Roscoe Harvey, Atty Persse's son, Captain Gauntley (second) and Major Gardiner



The crowd round the mobile Tote. Made out of fifteen trucks, it did enormous business



Presenting the trophy after the race in the winning enclosure. Major Scott, the Brigadier and Lord Glenarthur

Racing in North Africa Officers and Arabs in Desert Meeting

"Sabretache" describes this week an impromptu race meeting held by an Armoured Brigade in the Tripoli area during a lull in the North African campaign. The Fox's Mask Plate for Officers riding Arab ponies was a five-furlong sprint and was won by a Major. A Yeomanry Squadron-Leader was second, a Captain fourth, with the Brigadier coming up fast on the rails

St. Leger, five furlongs for Arab ponies owned and ridden by Arabs, the winning jockey being Ali Ben Abdelgader. There was a rousing finish. The trophies for the Arab races were some beautifully wrought and chased works produced by those marvellous people R.E.M.E., and I am sure that they will be cherished, just as long as Arabs continue to fold their tents by night or at any other time. The meeting actually happened at that historic place Leptis Magna, the former Neapolis, headquarters of a Phoenician colony, and birthplace of the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus. I expect that his shade sat up and took a bit of notice. The honorary secretary of this most excellently run show was Capt. L. H. Crossley, and he earned full marks for the fine organisation under not exactly easy conditions. I expect that all of us will agree with the remarks made by a high-ranking British officer at the conclusion of the entertainment: "I think that to-day's racing has been one of the finest ways of bringing British and Arabs together that I can imagine. They are fine riders and have been extremely enthusiastic."

The Winning Post

EVEN if the space were here available to set out the statistics of the past racing season in full, this is not the place in which to do it. Anyone who has followed the course of the past season's battles has only to cut out the carefully compiled figures from the columns of our daily contemporaries as an aide-memoire to filling in the details for himself. In these notes, all that has ever been attempted has been to turn the spotlight on to the high lights, mainly with the object of giving the unfortunate browned-off something to buck about and something to play with. I conceived that amateur handicapping might be just as good a diversion for the unutterably bored as crossword puzzles—and, perhaps, more profitable. It is comforting to find that this well-meant endeavour has met with some success.

(Concluded on page 148)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

not only in this land, but in North Africa, the Transvaal, India, Iceland, Ireland, and even the Isle of Man. I am glad that they have enjoyed it as much as I have, and even now the game is not finished, for I am optimist enough to believe that we shall race in 1944, in spite of what we know has got to happen, or may even start happening, before 1943 is out.

A Few Stray Notes

HERE they are for whatever they may be worth: (a) We have had a pretty good season and we are lucky to have had anything at all; (b) we are unlucky, because many, of which we should have liked to have seen more, have been either retired to the Seraglio or cut off by the Axe published in The Racing Calendar of October 21st; (c) we are unlucky, in that most of those that have shown any signs of real stamina are geldings; incidentally, it would seem as if there were nothing now for such as Germanicus, Filator, Quartier Maitre, etc., but to be sent, or sold, to Ireland to be taught to jump, for there is nowt for them here; (d) the Three-Year-Old Free Handicap can now have very little other than an academic interest, for Straight Deal, Ribbon (surely the unluckiest thing that ever ran—the Jockey Club Cup was as much a racing certainty for her as was the Oaks), Herringbone (Leger winner), Why Hurry, and also Nasrullah are all on the retired list, very wisely possibly, in view of the state of great uncertainty, and (e) we are left with the Free Handicap for two-year-olds to ginger us up into trying to find the 1944 Derby winner. This "sum" is the astute Mr. Fawcett's headache, and, personally, I propose to wait and see what he does. The 7 furlongs Dewhurst Stakes result has not lightened his task; Effervescence won by a short head from His Majesty's Fair Glint; earlier in the year Blue Cap "lost" Effervescence, and a little later Fair Fame "lost" Blue Cap; but Fair Glint is rated something really good by one of the masters of his craft, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and so again I say, I am going to wait the opinion of Learned Counsel (Arthur Fawcett).

A New Book for Cricketers

E. H. D. SEWELL has selected a very happy title for his latest book on a game about which he knows so much and has played so well in the past: it is *Who's Won the Toss?* and Stanley Paul are the publishers. In it, the author has attempted the quite stupendous task of trying to write down the names of the



Staff Officers at an R.N. Engineering College

D. R. Stuart

Sitting: Lt.-Cdr. (Instructor) A. W. Bradshaw, 3rd/O. D. Owen, W.R.N.S., Instr.-Capt. G. A. Clarkson, Capt. (E.) B. L. G. Sebastian, Instr.-Cdr. Martinnant, M.C., Cdr. B. V. Gander, M.B.E., Lt.-Cdr. (E.) J. G. Osborne, D.S.C. Standing: Lt. (E.) (P.) P. Illingworth, Lt. (E.) L. le Bailly, Lt. (E.) B. Milln, Lt. (A.) R. L. Lloyd, Instr.-Lt. D. Mannering



M.P. for Peterborough

Viscount Suidale was recently elected National Government Member for Peterborough, where he succeeds Lord Burghley. He is forty-one and holds a stiff appointment at the War Office with the rank of Colonel

"best ever" elevens of each of the counties, the Test-playing countries, the Gentlemen and Players and the 'Varsities between the years 1890 and 1939. I think most people, however much they knew about it, would shudder at attempting such a task, but not so E. H. D. S., who has never been afraid of facing any bowling, no matter how hot. There is sure to be much argument "about it and about," but maybe many will not come out "by that same door by which in they went." C. B. Fry has written the Preface, and in the course of it he says:

So it comes about that now and herein the author casts upon the table of the gods an iron apple, gravid with the words: "To the strongest." Nor do I doubt that, in this event, too, there will be a Trojan war—at least of arguments!

I am sure that it is the kind of book that everyone who has played, is playing, and hopes to play cricket will want to have in his library. This is not the only book which the industrious E.H.D.S. has on the slipway, as he tells me that *Rugger, The Man's Game*, he hopes, may be out before Christmas. This is not certain in these difficult times. I hear that, in addition to a preface by C. B. Fry, there is a great chapter by John Daniell, President of the Rugby Union, admittedly one of the greatest forwards ever. Incidentally, but for a sprain, C. B. Fry would have been in the Oxford side about 1893-94, and was almost sure to have got his cap. As is well known, C.B. couldn't half run—as the saying is



Officers of the "Twin" Submarine, Unison

The submarines United and Unison, built in the same yard and with very similar records of service, recently returned together from patrol to a British port. Above are three of the Unison's officers: Lt. G. L. Davies, R.N.V.R., the navigator; Lt. T. E. Barlow, R.N., in command; and Lt. E. R. Stone, R.N., the 1st Lieut.



Lt. David Foster, D.F.C., Goes to Buckingham Palace

Lt. David Foster, of the Fleet Air Arm, was awarded the D.S.C., and was accompanied to a recent Investiture by his father, Mr. Robert Foster, his mother, Mrs. Josephine Foster, and his sister, Mrs. Boothby. Mr. Robert Foster is president of the American Club in London

Keeping the Foxes Down

The West Kent Foxhounds Meet at Penshurst



The Hon. Carolyn Hardinge, elder daughter of Viscount Hardinge, was on a useful-looking pony. The meet was at her father's place near Tonbridge



South Park, Penshurst, Tonbridge



The Huntsman, Arthur Martin, and the Hounds



Capt. W. D. Cronk, Joint-Master



Mr. Adams was at the meet. His flea-bitten grey, Windy, has jumped the Liverpool course in the Molyneux 'Chase



Sisters there were Miss S. and Miss E. Joynson, who were on a few days' leave from the W.R.N.S.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Day and the Man

THE appearance of F. C. C. Egerton's *Salazar: Rebuilder of Portugal* (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.) within a week of the announcement of Portugal's friendly step with regard to the Azores is, though no doubt by chance, dramatically well timed. As a study, in general, of Portugal, a résumé of her impressive past, a picture of her present-day way of living and a sympathetic interpretation of her psychology, I can find no reason to quarrel with Mr. Egerton's book, and many reasons why we should receive it gladly. England has too long neglected her oldest ally: slighting ignorance, superficial judgments and, lately, a lack of patience with neutral vacillations, have been evident in our attitude. Mr. Egerton's charge that England has, on the whole, failed to appreciate Portugal's underlying, sustained goodwill reaches us at a moment when it may well strike home, for of this goodwill we have just had substantial proof.

Yes, Portugal has been well served by Mr. Egerton. I must, however, question in all sobriety whether Dr. Salazar has been equally so. The success or failure of this attempt to present the dictator for British admiration depends on whether you find enthusiasm infectious or not. *Salazar: Rebuilder of Portugal* is, with regard to the man himself, not so much a study as a non-stop eulogy. Myself, I am one of those recalcitrant people who do not find enthusiasm infectious—for instance, I form an immediate prejudice against those friends of my friends of whom I hear nothing but good. I should, therefore, have found Mr. Egerton's portrait of Salazar, and exposition of the Salazar policy,

more sympathetic, effective and, in the long run, valid, if it were perceptibly toned down. Greater coolness (or, even, affectation of coolness) and at least the surface retention of a critical attitude would have come in well. I doubt whether any facts given here could, or should, be challenged—I, at any rate, am in no position to do so. But what does make me uneasy, from time to time, is the manner in which these facts are presented. Mr. Egerton has a way of by-passing questions that cannot fail to arise in the reader's mind. He disposes of little awkwardnesses with gestures that seem rather too adept. He not only skates over thin ice, but cuts striking figures on it.

However, there is always interest about a *tour de force*. As such, I find nothing lacking in *Salazar: Rebuilder of Portugal*. Dr. Salazar may very well, as is claimed here, embody his country's imposing, semi-mystical past. He is, says Mr. Egerton:

... completely and essentially Portuguese. He takes his place in the line of great men who have always appeared in Portugal when the country needed them. There have been at least one in every century of her history—men like the great Constable, Nuno Alvares Pereira, Henry the Navigator, Afonso de Albuquerque, and D. Joao de

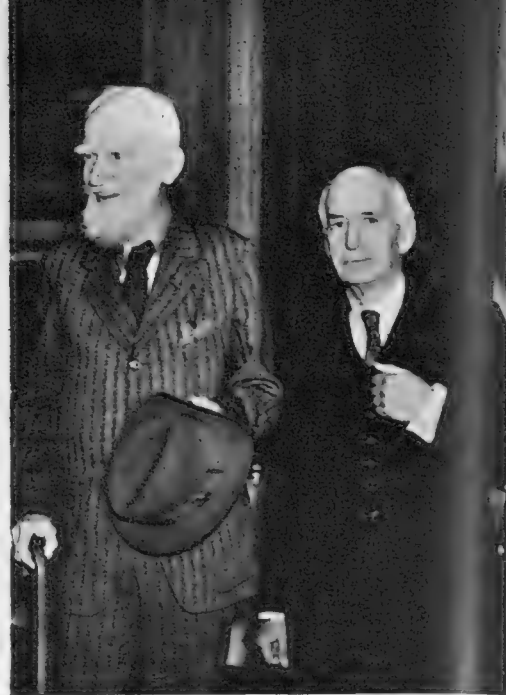
Castro. Even the nineteenth century, the most lamentable in Portuguese history, produced Mousinho de Albuquerque.

Anti-Democrat

DOES he equally, truly and in all aspects represent the Portugal of to-day? This question it may not be our place to raise—or, at any rate, at the moment, not our place to answer. Time will show. Mr. Egerton's book (which was due to appear last August) stops some months short of the latest developments; his last chapter, "Looking Forward," is a masterpiece of discretion, doing nothing to show which way the dignified cat would jump. Are we to take it that the Azores decision has matured out of Dr. Salazar's own will, or that it is the response to an overpowering pressure on the part of the mass of the people of Portugal?

At the cost of "sacrifices"—whose extent, nature and distribution Mr. Egerton has not, I think, fully enough discussed—the Portuguese have had their country rebuilt for them. Dr. Salazar's achievement has been impressive. He has rescued Portugal from the stigma of "decadence," from the miasmas of defeatism. He has restored, with solvency, national self-respect. He has reintroduced, as a tonic as well as a faith, a Nationalism that appears to be non-aggressive. He has revived the mystique of Portugal's "mission"—that, running through her great past of exploration and conquest (roughly from 1415-1601), gave her empire a non-material side—and strengthened her tie with the colonies left to her.

It is necessary [says Mr. Egerton, in his chapter on the Portuguese Colonial Empire] to realise the



G. B. S. at the English-Speaking Union Club

Mr. George Bernard Shaw was one of the guests who attended the opening of the English-Speaking Union Club at Dartmouth House, Berkeley Square, London. He is seen after the Club had been officially declared open by Mrs. Churchill, with Sir Percy Alden, of Sulgrave Manor. The Club provides rest rooms and a canteen for troops and visitors from the Dominions and the United States of America

important part played by Portugal's past, and especially her colonial past, in the formation of her present mentality. The remembrance of past glories is strikingly vivid in the Portuguese; it never leaves them, and it may be either a stimulus to action or the very reverse. During the last hundred years we find a tendency, on the one hand, continually to renew the memory of these past glories and to accept that memory almost as an excuse for doing nothing in the present, and, on the other, to denigrate

the motives and the methods that produced them. Henry the Navigator was a great man. His captains, trained and stimulated in the school at Sagres, went out and discovered the world. And what was the good of it all? We were great and we were cruel; we were glorious and we were useless. We explored the whole world and it would have been better if we had remained in our own little corner of it. . . . Yet throughout the period when this defeatist attitude prevailed, there were always some in Portugal who took the sounder view.

Yes, old civilisations, like old families, may be in danger of going under from the very weight and grandeur of their tradition. This fate was, one might say, "wished on to" Portugal, in the course of the nineteenth century, by Powers who stood to profit by her decline. The Portuguese, by all showing, are a suggestible people. Weakness, bred of exhaustion, and financial chaos were undoubtedly there—but what was overlooked, by enemy-friends and ungrateful allies alike, was that Portugal had been left a casualty by a succession of proud and heroic struggles. First, there had been the resistance to Spain; then, the all-in stand against Napoleon, in the course of which the scorched earth policy had been

(Concluded on page 152)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

HAVING been for a long time intimately mixed up with a

large number of men in hospital, I still never fail to be astonished at the metamorphosis which occurs whenever their wives come to visit them. Why this should be so, especially as the majority undoubtedly love their wives, I simply do not know. But occur it does, and whenever I see a man, yesterday as lively and frolicsome as any schoolboy, to-day sitting like a churchwarden awaiting Evensong, I know that his wife is looming in the offing if she be not actually there. Whereat I watch my step and change the method of my approach.

Moreover, it is not a question of all the men having had a hospital-flirtation and being fearful lest their wives should find it out. Although I have to confess that married men seem more inclined towards a "click" than single ones—on the presumption, I suppose, that a wife affords them the means of escape should they become too involved, which "escape" a single man is denied—I have known some of the purest specimens look like earnest readers of the *Church Times* immediately their wives descend upon them from near or far.

Were I to be visited by the One-I-loved-best-of-all, I like to imagine I should be at my liveliest and most smiling. Love, I believe, should make a man look happy as well as feel happy. Were I a wife, therefore, I should fancy that something definitely wrong belonged to my general attitude towards my husband, if, the moment I appeared, he suffered a

By Richard King

sea-change into something, by comparison to the day before, very new and very strange. I must conclude, therefore, that the responsibilities of married life don't seem so heavy when the main responsibility is far away. On the other hand, husbands, maybe, sense that their wives don't like to find them jolly as sandboys when, in terms of fidelity, absence should have made them look like undertakers soliciting big business.

What I do know is that the general effect of wives upon husbands is as sudden as it is solemn. Therefore, I would like to think that husbands secretly enjoy their solemnity; were it not for the fact that the moment they once more become grass-widowers you can scarcely keep their general liveliness in bed. On the whole, it is very puzzling, and I have not found the solution yet. All I know is that, taking a large hospital ward as a case in point, if wives were present all the time I should myself become flat-footed and confine my friendships entirely to vicars. So maybe, Love is not a happy thing. At least, it doesn't necessarily look happy. It can look happy with mothers, but rarely with fathers; with sisters, brothers and maiden aunts. But with wives it is sufficient to look sedate.

One day, perhaps, I shall find the reason for all this. At the moment, I can only be perplexed. All I know is that when a wife is absent a dig in the ribs is enjoyed by all concerned, but when she is there the mildest joke is as treading on very dangerous ground. Indeed, only a child or two round the bed can temper the quiet gloom.

Getting Married



Lawman — Simpson
Lt. Peter T. Lawman, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lawman, of Oakwood Grange, Wadhurst, married Ruth M. Simpson, daughter of the late C. R. Simpson, and Mrs. Simpson, of 41, Clarewood Court, W., at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square



Liddiard — Rook
Major Richard England Liddiard, Royal Corps of Signals, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Liddiard, of Cavendish, Suffolk, married Constance Rook, daughter of Sir William Rook, of Westfield, Wimbledon Common, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Roberts — Collingwood
Lt. D. D. G. Roberts, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Roberts, of Burrelton, Perthshire, married Barbara Annette Collingwood, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Culbert Collingwood, at St. Columba's, Pont Street



Macdonald — Willis

Lt. Roderick Douglas Macdonald, R.N., only son of Mrs. Douglas Macdonald, of The Hermitage, Merrow, Surrey, married Joan Kathleen Willis, younger daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon and Lady Willis, of 4, Astell Street, Chelsea, at St. John's, Merrow



Williams — Verdon-Roe

Lt. Peter A. Williams, son of the late W. M. Williams and Mrs. Marie Williams, of The Down House, Shilton, Oxon., married Joy Verdon-Roe, daughter of Sir Allott and Lady Verdon-Roe, of The Cockpit, Fair Oak, Hants., at Durley Church, Hants.



Bickersteth — Waterfield

Major R. L. Bickersteth, The Seaforth High Landers, son of the late Robert Bickersteth and Mrs. Bickersteth, of Cansterton Hall, Kirby Lonsdale, married Penelope Waterfield, daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. Waterfield, of Snape, Saxmundham, Suffolk, at Balkersea Parish Church

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Osmond — Ramsden

Michael W. M. Osmond, only son of Col. and Mrs. W. R. F. Osmond, of Glade, Tyrell's Wood, Leatherhead, married Jill Stephanie Ramsden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ramsden, of Treeton, Guildford, at Merrow Church



Blessing — Birch

S/Ldr. William W. Blessing, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.A.F., son of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Blessing, of New South Wales, married Audrey Pamela Birch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Birch, of 9, Craven Hill Gardens, W., at Stanmore Church



Milne — Lee

The marriage of Capt. R. Kenneth Milne, The Royal Sussex Regiment, and Miss D. Lee, of Boulter's Lane, Maidenhead, took place at St. Michael's Church, Bray

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

and the M.C.C. to cricketers. Lord Queensberry is among the most regular of its wide range of members: in the past, when he was Lord Lascelles, Lord Harewood was another enthusiastic one. Major John Montagu has the distinction of being the only honorary life member; Mr. Noel Mobbs, O.B.E., is the chairman; among the numerous other members are Mr. Mark Ostrer, Lord Perry and Sir Edward Baron. It was originally, long ago, called the Stratford Club. The story is that there was an exceedingly unpopular member, loathed by all, but impossible to get rid of. It was at last decided to wind up the Stratford Club, and restart it, exactly the same, but called the Portland Club, with all the members re-elected except the unfortunate but impossible one.

Aid to China Fund

ON November 19th there is to be a special showing of *The Demi-Paradise*, with Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley-Ward in the leading roles, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, to benefit the Aid to China Fund. Mr. J. Arthur Rank has given all the seats, and as Mrs. Churchill has promised to attend, a big social gathering is expected. Chairman of the Committee for the occasion is Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, with the Marchioness of Ormonde as Deputy-Chairman, and Countess Soudes, the Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, Mrs. Simon Marks and Mrs. A. E. Reid as Vice-Chairmen. The first committee meeting was held in the Orchid Room at the Dorchester, and a number of well-known people were there, including Madame Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, who made a charming speech; Mr. Anatole de Gruenwald, the author of the film, who had some interesting things to say; and Mr. del Guidici, a director of the Two Cities Film Company, who announced that his firm had decided to buy £800 worth of tickets for the night. Altogether, in fifteen minutes, over £3000 worth of tickets were sold—a good start, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was obviously delighted with the success of her first meeting.

Things to Come

TWO new Emyln Williams plays are due in the West End early in the new year. Under the author's direction, rehearsals have already started on one, a comedy of Welsh village life called *The Druid's Rest*. Gladys Henson, Roddy Hughes and Kynaston Reeves are in the cast. The play is having a provincial tour prior to London production, and is due to open in Liverpool this month. Emyln Williams will himself appear in his second play, a mediæval tale about a tribe of Welsh peasants living on a magic mountain called "Pen Don."

Below: The baby daughter of Mrs. Michael Menzies (Kay Stammers that was) was born at the beginning of last month. Mrs. Menzies created a record when she won the British hard courts championship three times. Her last "star" appearance was in August last year, when she beat Jean Nicoll



Mrs. H. de V. Leigh is the wife of W/Cdr. H. de V. Leigh, O.B.E., D.F.C., the man who invented the flying searchlight, "the keystone of success in the air offensive against U-boats in the Atlantic." Mrs. Leigh is seen with her daughter Rosemary Charlotte and three-months-old son Christopher Humphrey at her home at Rickmansworth

Mrs. Michael Menzies at Home

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

uncalculatingly applied. Given the value to us of that very stand, our own contribution to the "decadence" legend, as the century went on its course, seems graceless. Portugal lost Brazil, and the Salisbury ultimatum deprived her of possessions in Africa; continuous interventions by the Great Powers served at once to jam and to muddle her internal affairs. . . . In her worst days, as Mr. Egerton points out, the country never defaulted from her National Debt.

The twentieth century, at first, promised no better. Mr. Egerton (as an admitted reactionary) can find nothing good to say of the Republic between 1910-1926. It was, he says, doctrinaire; "it had no roots in the organic structure of the nation." Certainly its record does not commend it: in the sixteen years there had been eight Presidents (one assassinated), forty-four ministries, twenty-four minor revolts and 158 general strikes. The answer to this was the military *coup d'état* of 1926, with, two years later, the emergence of Salazar, who holds, with the concurrence of Mr. Egerton, that democracy is not good for the Portuguese.

So the Portuguese New State, creation of Salazar, shows the extreme counter-revolutionary pattern. Its Constitution has been, by Mr. Egerton, ably set out, if tendentiously justified. It is essential, our author feels, that we should not confuse authoritarianism with totalitarianism, and it certainly will not be his fault if we do.

The New State has, as its explicit threefold policy, truth (which is to say, candid relations between the Government and the people, in so far, always, as these may be found consistent with limited suffrage, non-party representation and a controlled Press), sacrifice and recognition of nationhood. It leans on three concepts—the family, religion and nationality. Its principles would be, in the main, as repugnant to British people as its psychological background is incomprehensible. . . .

There is, perhaps something salutary, because challenging, in being brought face to face (as one is, in *Salazar: Rebuilder of Portugal*) with this lofty assertion of ideals unlike our own—we may be in danger, these days, of almost doping ourselves with the mere words "freedom" and "democracy"; this book drives their realities home to us with a jerk. . . .

Dr. Salazar, unlike other dictators, is content to keep his New State within national bounds: he shows no wish to extend it into a New Order. And one cannot fail to respect his personal qualities—his love for his country, unsparing energy, intellect, faith in his own vision, and at once austere and fearless handling of power.

Captivity

"THE FRENCH PRISONER," by Phœbe Fenwick Gaye (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is a novel with a psychic opening. Young John Vandervord, American student on a riding holiday in East Anglia in 1901, finds, one evening, a house and a waiting, passionate woman where he had been led to expect an unpeopled ruin—the derelict "Burnt House" facing the Suffolk shore. He has, in fact, stepped (or ridden) back through a hundred years into a scene and hour perpetuated by an undying, horrifying emotion. Everything is, in an inexplicable way, familiar, and rings a bell inside his senses and nerves.

This young Vandervord, it transpires, is the descendant of the Jan Vandervord who had been the woman's unwilling lover, and who had frustrated, and at last escaped, her love. Captured on a French frigate during the Napoleonic war, the young Dutch engineer became known as "the French prisoner," when he was released on parole to work on Redonda farm.

Captain Bromewell, master of Redonda (which he had christened after his West Indies estate), had immense wealth and a slave-driving temperament; his daughter, Harriet, the spoiled beauty, was hardly second to him in pride. In the remote, ironic Dutchman, whom war has put in her power, she meets the first creature she cannot make her slave, and, accordingly, falls in love with him. But her love does nothing to sweeten—it on the whole embitters—Vandervord's contemplation of his interrupted life: while returning her physical passion, he keeps his spirit closed. Harriet, possessive egoist, suffers accordingly; even the child she bears him is not a tie.

Raged through by the tempests of her frustrated feeling, Redonda becomes a sort of Wuthering Heights. . . . *The French Prisoner* is a fine, an outstanding, novel, both as a period picture of East Anglia and as a study of what can be dreadful in love.

Anti-Heroic

THERE is something refreshingly, pleasantly disaffected about Mr. Fanfarlo, of *Shaving Through the Blitz* (Cape; 6s.). G. W. Stonier, his creator, clearly feels that we have had about enough of idealised "Little Man" literature.

Mr. Fanfarlo is, in his quiet way, a debunker. The blitz, be it said, impinges for only a chapter or two on his and Lizzie's existence in Herpes Street—the two get on so well, or, at least, so tolerably, that they perpetually wonder why they don't marry; as, still more, does Lizzie's aunt, of the picture-postcards.

Fanfarlo embarks on a spy-hunt, enters the Ministry of Babel, loses his teeth, dreams a parody of the Brains Trust, becomes a policeman, replies to his fan-mail, receives a visit from a dog-psycho-analyst, investigates the black market, and so on.

I find both his person and his adventures exquisitely diverting—and as for the conversations he overhears . . . ! He is something quite new, and I introduce him with confidence—that is, unless you are very easily shocked.



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stop a tank

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"Now then, young man, you come with me," said the head of the house, sternly.
 "You're not going to thrash me, are you, father?" quavered the small boy.
 "Yes, I am. Didn't I tell you this morning that I'll settle with you for your bad behaviour?"
 "Yes," answered the child, "but I thought it was only a joke, like when you tell the grocer you'll settle with him."

IN South Dakota's many "Indian towns," the proud, fierce, childlike Sioux bring their quarrels and marital problems to the State Attorney.

After a long day, hearing and adjusting complaints, one of these Solomons looked up to see Marie Sweetcorn standing before his desk. With preliminaries she began:

"My hus-ban chase me with axe."
 "He can't do that!" said the State Attorney.
 "Him often chase me with axe."
 "Do you want a divorce, Marie?"
 "No!"
 "Well, I'll lock him up where he can't bother you."
 "No!"
 "Then what do you want me to do?"
 "No-thing."
 "Aren't you afraid when he chases you?"
 "No. Me run faster than him can run."
 "Then why have you come to me, Marie?"

She walked to the door, then turned haughtily and said: "One day, maybe, him chase me, him can run faster. You want to know who done it."

A YOUNG man was filling in an application form for an insurance policy.

"What did your father die of?" asked the agent.
 "I'm not quite sure," said the man, wishing to make the best of things, "but I don't think it was anything serious."

A MAN returning home in the early hours saw this notice on a factory door: "Please ring the bell for the caretaker."

He gave the bell a terrific pull, nearly dragging it from its socket. Shortly a sleepy face appeared. "Are you the caretaker?" asked the man.

"Yes," came the reply. "What do you want?"

"I just want to know why you can't ring the bell yourself."

"WHY didn't you marry?" inquired the young man of the old bachelor.

"Well, you see," replied the single one, "when I was quite young I resolved that I wouldn't marry until I found the ideal woman. After many years I found her."

"Lucky beggar! And then?"
 "She was looking for the ideal man," replied the bachelor sadly.

THE minister had been very ill, but at last an improvement was observed in his condition. An elder, his first visitor, congratulated him upon his recovery.

"Aye, there's mony o' your members thoct you'd never be back," he remarked gravely, "but meenister, we're going to disappoint them yet!"

THE young negro recruit was the victim of so many practical jokes that he doubted all men and their motives. One night, while he was on guard, the figure of one of the officers loomed up in the darkness.

"Who goes there?" the recruit challenged.

"Major Moses," replied the officer.
 "Glad to meet yuh, Moses," the recruit said cheerfully. "Advance and give the Ten Commandments."



"Take off what, sir?"

THE girl was standing on tiptoe, trying to see over the heads of the people as they surged towards the train. Her face was tense with excitement. Suddenly there was a shout of "Hi, Mary," and a tall, broad-shouldered Marine elbowed towards her. They stopped and looked at each other for a moment, and then she was in his arms. Just as he leaned down to kiss her, a Marine officer strode into his range of vision.

Instantly the boy snapped to attention, leaving the girl standing expectantly, eyes closed. The officer returned the salute, glanced at Mary, and said:

"Son, one of the first rules of the Marine Corps is don't hesitate for anything when taking an object. Carry on!"

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

U.S. Aircraft

THE Office of War Information, I believe, is made the aim or butt of a vast deal of adverse criticism in the United States. The propagandist is ever without honour in his own country. Regarded from across the Atlantic, the Office of War Information (by the way, thank heaven they do not call it a "bureau") seems to have many good qualities. When a couple of weeks ago, it issued its statement about American aircraft it gave a fairly large number of facts and figures, and it did not hesitate here and there to make adverse comment upon the machines. In Britain adverse comment upon British aircraft by any British official organisation is so rare as to be almost unknown. Collect the saying of the great and one must conclude that all British aircraft are perfect. There is a strange contrast between this official attitude and the conversations one picks up in bars and places where pilots congregate. It may be that the very sweetness of the official pronouncements turns the unofficial pronouncements of the pilots who fly the aircraft sour. They have "surfeited with honey, and learned to loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little more than a little is much too much." If aeroplanes could bring actions for slander they could make a great deal of money.

The hell to which I would condemn the inferior or complacent aircraft constructor or designer would be a room in which recordings of the uninhibited comments of air pilots in bars would be continuously relayed. Sometimes I wonder whether a reform of our methods of dealing with our own goods might not be advisable. The man of today is not so readily hoodwinked as the man of yesterday, and does not always believe a thing because it is in print. Still less does he believe it because it is spoken over the radio. One day when I have accumulated enough money to retire, and a sufficient fortune to meet the subsequent legal proceedings, I shall say of some new British aircraft that it is . . .

Visions

AT the Practical Planning Exhibition of the Institution of Civil Engineers and the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers, a werry visionary plan for the airways of the future was exhibited. It pre-supposes a rapid rate of development, especially in jet propulsion, and it also pre-supposes a rapid rate of development in electronics and their associated devices. In brief it was at once a forecast of the aircraft of the future and a working out of the means whereby they could be effectively controlled in large numbers.

The instigator of this stimulating project is Mr. Lonsdale-Hands, who has already done useful service to aviation by the establishment of his design pool. This, as I see it, is a sort of design staff reservoir which acts somewhat in the manner of special reserves in battle. It seems to me that in this scheme there is the germ of an idea for the handling of one of the central problems of aeronautics in Britain, namely, the shortage of trained technical staffs. This has been commented upon by numerous people including the Select Committee on National Expenditure. All those who have visited the American aircraft industry come back holding the view that our design staffs are short, and that we have nothing like enough trained technical men in the country.

"The Aeroplane"

MOST people in aviation noticed with extreme regret that the name of Mr. E. C. Shepherd had disappeared from the front page of *The Aeroplane*. Mr. Shepherd had the task of succeeding Mr. C. G. Grey, one of the most widely read air commentators in the world, and one of the most vigorous writers. He succeeded in maintaining the standard set by *The Aeroplane* while modifying its general policy in accordance with his own views. Everybody will regret his departure, but will expect him to be well placed to exercise his particular talents in his new appointment as Secretary-General to the Air League of the British Empire. Before he went to *The Aeroplane* he was the air correspondent of *The Times*. He followed my old friend the late Colebrook who, although he came to aviation journalism with scarcely any knowledge of aviation, painstakingly worked at the job until he was competent to cope with most problems. His methods were Timesian in their thoroughness, but occasionally somewhat trying to those from whom he was extracting information. He would question them for what seemed to be hours on end hammering away at the same point from every conceivable different angle until he was confident that he fully understood it.

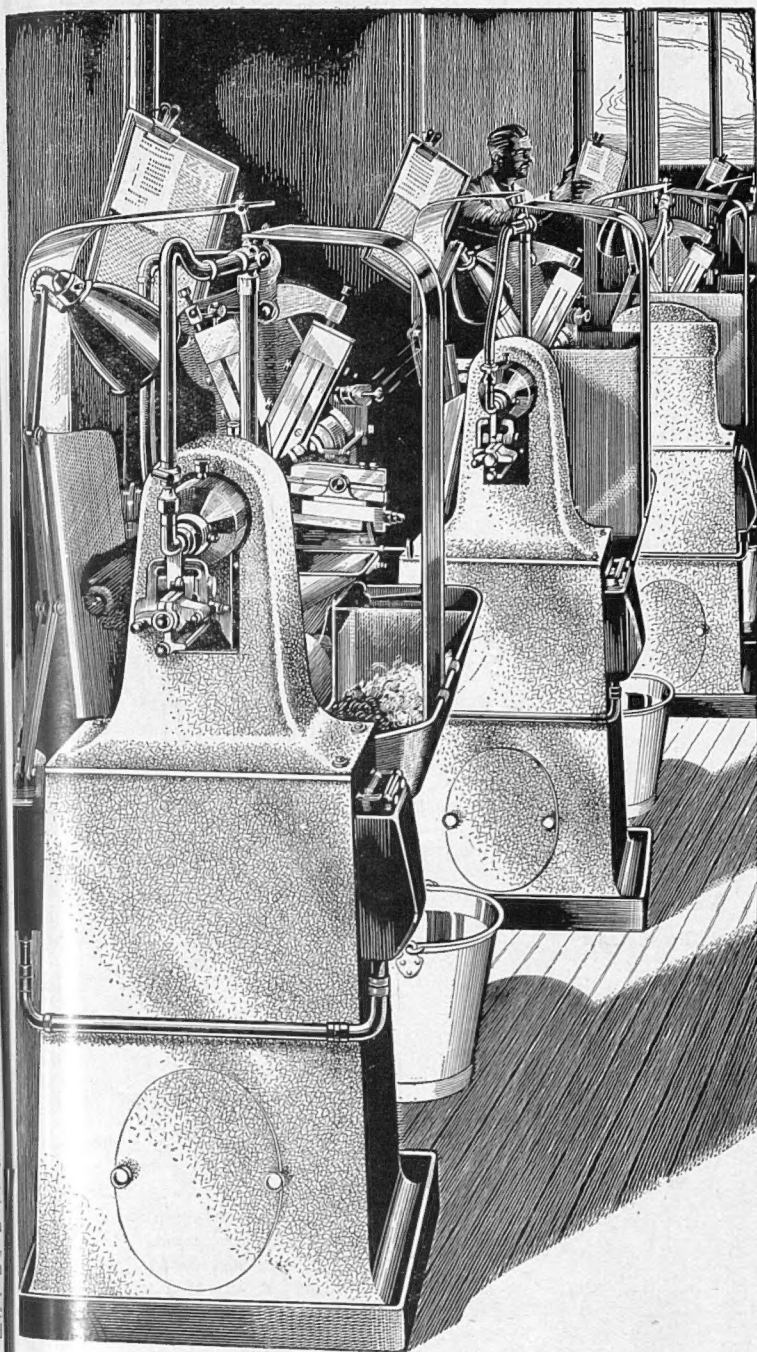
Dive Bombers

IT interested me the other day to read in one of the aeronautical papers from America that my friend, Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin of the *New York Times*, had stated that the dive bomber had received the support of General Arnold, chief of the United States Army Air Forces. In fact he goes on to say that it was General Arnold who was largely responsible for the development of that fine machine the A.36 or Mustang in dive bomber form. This aircraft has proved extremely successful in the Mediterranean fighting and has demonstrated—what the anti-dive bomber fiends never seemed able to comprehend—that dive bombers were capable of development just as much as other types. The Mustang as a fighter, when it is called the P.51, is one of the best of its class and it is good to know that it has made a successful debut in its new form. Perhaps also it will settle at last the old dive bomber controversy and finally dispose of those who opposed dive bombing simply because they did not understand the theory behind it.



The Duke with the R.A.F.

The Duke of Gloucester accepted a squadron of fighter aircraft subscribed for by British residents in Argentina when he visited a R.A.F. station near London recently. He also presented a badge granted by His Majesty the King to S./Ldr. Russell, who accepted it on behalf of the Argentine British Squadron.



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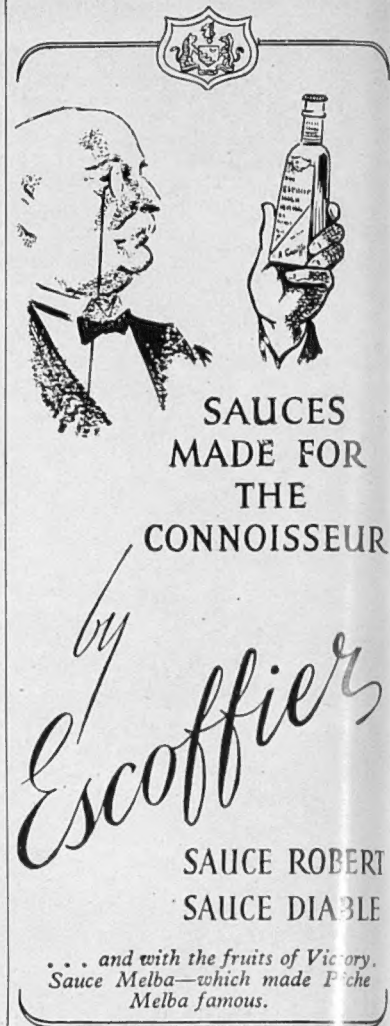
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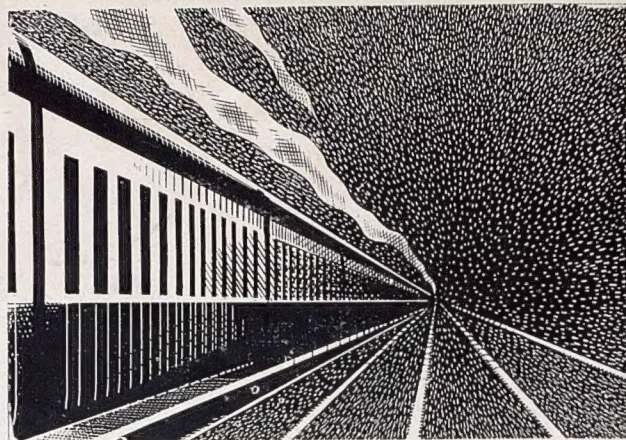
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